

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRECIPICE.

"—Here's the place!—stand still. How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye below.—*Shakespeare.*"

The following interesting tale, written by the author of "Gilbert Earle," and represented as told by a Norwegian hunter, to a company of goatherds, who had been relating their adventures to each other, on a dreary winter's night, is taken from the *Friendship's Offering*, for the year 1827.

W. Messenger.

"My young friends," said he, "you have been telling us some very marvellous adventures; but as I am an old hunter, and, therefore, am fond of the spirit which leads you into them, I will not strive to sift the grain from the chaff, the exact facts, from the colors in which you have dressed them. But I will give you, in my turn, an account of an accident which, you all know by report, did actually happen to me, as the limp in my gait can testify to this day.

"It is now about twenty years ago, that I was, one day, out hunting, as usual. I had got sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm, a few yards wide, upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow; it was frozen hard; but as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me! The man who says he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror—and what agony is greater? rushed throughout my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward, to reach the firm ground; but the very effort I made to save myself, accelerated my fate. The mass broke short off, and I fell!

"I have since been to view the spot, and standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered, as I have looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into atoms, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet: there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree, to break my fall. Perhaps the snow, which fell along with me, in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell, served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, and the earth, as it were, sink from under me; I felt the common hyperbole, that my heart sprang to my throat, almost cease to be one. One gasp of mortal agony, as it burst from my lungs, gave me the sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express. The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which I believe escaped me—'O God—I'm gone!' My next thought was one momentary appeal to that God's mercy; and then I thought no more.

"When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close;—I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting spear was beside me, broken; and, stretched upon my bosom, lay my faithful dog, spread out, as it were, to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. 'Poor fellow,' the old man continued, and the tear glistened in his eye as he spoke—'Poor fellow, he is dead, long since, and his son,' stooping and fondling the dog at his feet, 'is old now: but, if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me, for his father's sake.'

The dog looked up as though he understood his master's meaning; for he smiled in his face with that expression of thankful fondness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

"I felt," continued the hunter, "I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain all over, so much so, that I could not distinguish any one particular hurt, as being more severe than the rest. I endeavored to rise, and that soon showed to me where my chief injury lay. I fell back again instantly: my thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also, and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive! As I looked up to the pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

"The spot where I lay, was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged from each other as they advanced, leaving a sort

of triangular platform open between them and a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse's main, from the rock above me; but, in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place, distant through its depth, where I lay.

"Night now began to thicken fast; the faster on account of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as though all the quarters of heaven sent forth their blasts at once, and they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and I now began to fear another more dreadful still because more slow and more felt. I feared that I should die through cold and hunger, and untended hurts. The cold too, I now felt more severely; for, shortly after I had given up in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my dog, after whining and yelping piteously, for some time, went off. As he turned the corner of the rock, which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me; as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die. 'He, too, abandons me!' I exclaimed, and, I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by that which I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, can bear that?

"The world now seemed to have closed upon my sight for ever; my wife—my children—my dear home; I should see them no more! I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life, while life is yet strong; all its ties firmly knit: all its affections glowing. As darkness settled around, I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step, or rather for the well known step of Thor preceding me; and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children's faces—the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fireside; and the rosy lips held up for a father's kiss; and the little hands clinging round the knees, to attract a father's notice; and their mother's glad smile of welcome to me, and unchiding reproof to them. Such was the picture I drew mentally; such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around me, and the contrast of the reality flashed upon me in all its horrors. The wind ragged and howled through the darkness, and in the lull the spray of the torrent bedewed my face, and froze there. I was encompassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die. And to die! O God!

to die thus! Alone, through pain and famine; through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! the terrors of tempest and of night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I never was to stir more; this was to be my end!

"We often forge ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet; but he who has undergone, not what I underwent that night, for who *has* done so? but circumstances of peril and despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these; he, only, can know to what extent our nature can suffer.

"I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time which, from these causes, seemed endless. At length hope dawned upon me. Along the top of the cliff to which I had leaped, and from which I had fallen, passed, as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived to another, about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance to escape; for, by night, it was but very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some one; and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lantern of a villager returning homeward. 'I shall be saved yet!' was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept through the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice. I could feel that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head. The light glided onwards. Again, I shouted with that desperate strength which none but the despairing own. The light did not stop; no answering shout gladdened my ears; the light disappeared!

"The agony of that moment, who can conceive? The drowning man, as he struggles his last effort, and feels the water closing round him; the criminal, as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

"My despair now become fixed and total.—I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavoured to turn my thoughts from this world, and fix them on the next. But the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of a rock, I strained my sight to look; but the sound would cease, and the sight would pass away, and I sank again upon the snow, and again I prepared myself to die.

"At length, (to my dying day I shall recollect that moment,) at length, a gust of wind brought to me a sound which I thought

I recognised; I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me; I listened—all was still—the wind rose, and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not; a third, all doubt was over! It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to show, doubtless, the path to the spot in which I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay sounded loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused, and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path; along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind; I strove to answer it as loudly as I could. This time it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not; for, as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom, and, almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again, with his loud and ceaseless barking.

"My companions now perceived where I was. They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a difficult path. My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety, from abandonment to kind friendship; from death to life, you can form to yourself no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow! My children were now not fatherless! I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness; and I owed it all to the loyalty and love of a poor hound! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast in anger, pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to his master.—That master had been a kind one."

The Evil Influence of "Religious Excitement."

Mrs. Burton, of Cheshier, Mass., hung herself with a skein of yarn on the 6th ult. in a fit of derangement produced by RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT. She has left a husband and three children.—*Ind. Chr. & Bost. Patriot.*

THE THEATRE.

The progress of vice and corruption, whether in individuals or nations, is always gradual. What we shrink from, and almost shudder at to-day, we may, by familiarity, be led to tolerate to-morrow, and soon, perhaps, to vindicate and approve. When the bounds originally prescribed by the modesty of nature, are once overstepped, we have no rule or guide by which to determine where our deviations shall end. The influence of the example of persons of rank and wealth, on the purity of the public manners, taste

and morals, is much greater than those enjoying these distinctions are aware of, or at least than they are generally disposed to admit. It is highly important, therefore, that they scrupulously regulate their own conduct, and see that it give no countenance to looseness of principles or practice, either by frequenting places of licentious amusement themselves, or by withholding the deserved frown on those who do frequent and countenance them.

Thus far our happy country has been comparatively free of the most corrupting amusements, at least in their grossest form. The public taste here, has not permitted such outrages on the natural sense of propriety, as have been long practiced and sought for, in the corrupt cities of the old world. But how long may we hope that the purity of the public sentiment, will exercise this salutary restraint on the character of our public amusements and exhibitions? That the progress in relation to morals, or, in other words, to the purity and chasteness of sentiment and action in most of our theatres, is, on the whole, downward, we think that no reflecting person, who has visited the theatre of the principal cities of this country, at different periods, will be prepared to deny. But whether our impressions relative to the comparative downward progress of morals in our theatres be true or not—this we assert confidently, and without fear of contradiction, that there is no lady of respectable standing in society—not even among our fashionable theatre-going people—who, if any gentleman were to speak, or read in her own drawing room, passages which she uniformly bears and tolerates at the theatre, would not feel herself most insufferably and grossly insulted. But how long will this native modesty, this purity and delicacy of mind, which gives them their mighty and deserved power in the community, and which, more than any thing else, preserves for them their rights and their just rank in relation to the other sex—how long, I inquire, will this purity of mind remain unsoiled, and this strength of virtuous principle and feeling stand firm under the repeated shocks to which it is thus voluntarily exposed?

In whatever measure this sense of propriety, this native modesty of spirit is lost, in the female mind—in the same, if not in a greater proportion, will be the downward course of principle and manners in the other sex. Man will always look to the example of woman for the regulation of his moral sentiments. Whatever tends, therefore, to take from the moral sentiments of woman their freshness of purity, or to impair that native modesty which is at once their protection and their ornament, is an essential and vital evil to society, inasmuch as it gradually, though not slowly, prepares the way for the introduction and relish of those gross and corrupting forms of public amuse-

ment, so fatal to the moral purity and virtuous habits of our youth.—*Ch. Register.*

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The most common and obvious effects of this Power are upon the mind. Instances are not unfrequent in which we remark the electric fire of excited feelings usurp the throne of reason, and spread over the whole soul a glaring delusion of unreal brightness; the calm and placid light of reason is overwhelmed and lost in the meteor effulgence of an overheated imagination. On the other hand, when the melancholy spectres of superstition throw over the brilliant scenery their dark and terrific clouds, the despairing heart sinks from the lofty elevation of excitement, into the deep mazes of hopeless despondency. Thus imagination alternately transports its votaries into regions of celestial bliss and glory, and casts down the forsaken victim to the hopeless depths of wretchedness and ruin. As religion is a subject most deeply interesting to the mind of man, and inseparably connected, not only with his present enjoyment, but extends to the Eternal Future, and opens to his view an endless state of being, it is most natural that the heart should be feelingly alive to every impulse arising from a contemplation of this great object. As eternity is a subject beyond the limits of a finite mind to comprehend; and upon which no distinct and definite idea can be formed by man, it is of course a boundless field for the efforts of imagination; and it is not strange, that those who yield up their minds to her strange and wild promptings should wander far into the mazy regions of romance and fiction. It is thus we often see the plain and simple truths of religion, (which appear clear and cloudless to the eye of reason,) when dressed in the garb which an excited imagination has prepared for them, assume new varied and ever varying forms, surrounded with marvellous mysteries and strange fancies, till the mind is bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of uncertainty and doubt. Although the greatest minds have not been able to comprehend the operations of Providence, so far as satisfactorily to agree as to his purpose and designs towards his creatures, either from the works of nature or the revelation of his will, but retreat from the immeasurable view appalled, and rendered more conscious of their innate weakness and of the impossibility for a finite mind to compass eternity, it is not uncommon to observe the weakest of mortal minds under the influence of an excited imagination, mistaking its wild vagaries for divine illumination, and thinking themselves the sole depositaries of that celestial light which is, through them, to illumine a world of darkness. Filled with a maniac zeal they break forth in the wild flights of a frenzied intellect, and pretend to unfold with unerring certainty all the purposes of the Eternal. Though thou-

sands may at the same moment be under the influence of the same excitement, and imagine they possess the same divine illumination, and are displaying their bright visions of delusive mysteries, widely different, but equally delightful and deceptive, it would be impossible to persuade either of them that they were not heaven's peculiar favorites and gifted with celestial light; they stand gazing with wonder and astonishment each at the ignorance of the other, and never suspect that their minds are in a state of derangement. Thus the power of imagination shuts out the light of native reason, and leaves the mind to follow her wandering star into the regions of fiction and uncertainty.—*Hingham Gazette.*

SUPERSTITION.

During the summer preceding the desolation of Florence by the dreadful scourge of cities, the Plague, rats multiplied with such rapidity, that the houses of the inhabitants were overrun with these busy depredators.—The warfare against them was actively prosecuted in all the forms of destruction, ingenuity could devise, but in vain; and their numbers increased to such excess, that those active constables, the cats, could scarce stretch out a paw without placing it on some pilfering culprit. All temporal means having been tried without success, the Church interposed its power, and a formal decree of *excommunication*, was thundered from the spiritual authority. Notice was read in the churches, and transcripts posted on the walls against the rats, declaring, that unless, within four days from the date of the proclamation, they departed peaceably from all the granaries, barns, stacks, houses, out-buildings, appurtenances, streets, lanes, and lands of Florence, and its vicinity, process of deprivation should issue, and by the solemn sentence of excommunication they should be shut out from fellowship with all living beings and moving things, and delivered over to the Arch Friend, the prince of the Powers of Darkness, with whom the Holy Catholic Church in former days, and the Inquisition in modern times, professed, and pretended to have a strong connexion and intimacy. At this juncture, an officer, benevolently entrusted with the care of the cases of all non-appearing defendants, moved by compassion for the hopeless condition of the animals against whom judgment was going by default, interposed, and procured an extension of the rule to six days, on the ground, that the *Cats*, knowing the proceeding, would be on their watch to waylay the retreating vermin. Six days were therefore granted for the rats to pack up and move their furniture, within which period they were to have free egress and regress, to and from the city and its vicinage. What would have been the effect of this energetic mandate, cannot be determined. The pestilence broke forth in its wrath, and

all other evils were forgotten in the intense misery of the calamity. Day and night the dead carts conveyed the population to a promiscuous sepulchre, till the plague ceased for want of materials to make its prey, and life and wealth had passed like shadows. The city became a desert, and the incident mentioned would have perished with the memory of the persons who were gathered to the tomb, if the same page of history which bears the record of human sufferings, was not inscribed with this example of unequalled folly.—*Worc. Egis.*

SHADE TREES.

The beauty of those portions of our highways which have been planted with trees, is acknowledged by all who enjoy the pleasant shelter from the summer sun afforded by their branches. The weary traveller has often blessed the liberality of the citizen who has converted the dusty road into a fair avenue of green, and bordered his possessions with the stately plants from the forest. Yet too often, to use the words of the historian of Lancaster, the sage advice of the Lair of Dumbaedike's death bed admonition to his son has been neglected.—“Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree—it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I ne'er found time to mind him.” A slight portion of labour bestowed by each individual upon the margin of his lands, would convert the dusty roads of our country into elegant and shady walks equally delightful to the eye, and refreshing to the other senses. In relation to utility, the planting of noble elms or stately maples by the way side, has great claims. The larger part of those lands which are subject to the right of passage vested in the public, are encumbered with stones, or overgrown by briars and weeds: they might be made productive of valuable timber, to be used when the fires scattered over the face of the country have dispersed the forests that have covered the soil, to the winds.

It is not alone the way-sides that are neglected. Those inclosures appropriated for the sepulchres of the departed,

“The cities of the silent, unto which

They must go down that are in goodness rich,”

are usually places abandoned to every unsightly bramble that roots in soil which should be consecrated from the intrusion. The burial grounds of New England, while they dishonour the dead, reproach the living. How much more fit to cherish the recollection of the lost friends, and to inspire appropriate reflections would they become, if the remains of those we have loved and respected, were placed in their last repose beneath the shadow of noble trees; if instead of exciting emotions of disgust by their rudeness they ornamented the landscape with objects of loveliness.

The remedy for the wasteful neglect al-

luded to, might, probably, be found by our Agricultural Societies, if they would offer premiums to the individuals who would serve the public and themselves by planting their lands bordering on the highways with suitable trees. The effect of such encouragement might soon be seen, and would be the best remuneration for the expenditure of an inconsiderable portion of those funds derived from the public treasury to be appropriated to promote the improvement of the face of the earth.

Italy.—In an official document, dated 2d December, is an extraordinary instance of petty vindictive persecution directed against the unfortunate Israelites by the Court of Rome. The most Reverend Father Inquisitor of the Holy Office of Ancona, Senigallia, &c. has, "in obedience to the commands of his Holiness Leo XII.," issued a circular, ordering all Jews to dismiss their Christian servants, females as well as males, not excepting such of the former as may be employed as nurses. The Papal Bull also prohibits the introducing into the houses of Jews, any Christians for the purpose of lighting fires and candles on Friday evenings, on Saturdays, or on any Hebrew festival whatever. The violators of this inquisitorial order are liable to severe penalties, to be inflicted "at the pleasure of the Supreme Holy Congregation." *Ch. Intelligence.*

We owe to truth and to the character of the age to state, that the "reported burning of a Jew" at Valencia, is denied by the Spanish Consul at Gibraltar, on the authority of official communications from the Captain-General of the Kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia. The French papers continue, however, to assert that some person, a school-master, was actually put to death at Valencia for heresy. *Id.*

AMERICAN UNITARIANS

Universalists.—Most of our readers probably know that this society commenced first in this country in Boston, about fifty years ago, by the preaching and writings of the Rev. John Murray, a celebrated preacher of these sentiments. In that city he gathered a large and respectable congregation, to which he ministered until he was removed by death at a good old age, much lamented and esteemed by all who knew him. Since his death, two other large churches have been erected in that city, and such has been the progress of these sentiments, that there is one or more churches of this denomination in nearly all the principal towns in Maine, New-Hampshire, and Vermont. There is one large and flourishing society in Providence, R. I., one in Hartford, Conn. two in the city of New-York, two in Philadelphia, and one in Wilmington, N. C. The Rev. Mr. Empie, an Episcopal Clergyman in Wilmington, N. C. stated, in 1825, that

this society "numbers about 130 ministers, 500 congregations, and thousands of professing members.—The state of New-York alone, has at least 70 societies. In Ohio alone, within the space of seven years, they increased from 20 to upwards of 1500 members.—They hold three annual conventions,* in New-England, New-York, and Ohio. They supported in 1822 eight periodical publications, and besides these larger works, no less than 10,000 copies of them are constantly circulated through every state, section and district of country." As this is the testimony of an opponent of this sect, it cannot be suspected of exaggeration, and, if this was a correct statement of their numbers in 1825, there is no reason to believe that they have decreased since that period.

At the commencement of this society, and for several years after, they generally believed in the doctrines of the trinity, atonement, &c. and differed very little from Calvinists, except that the atonement was made for *all men*, instead of the elect. Within a few years past however, an entire change has taken place in their sentiments respecting these doctrines, and there is now very few, if any, who contend for the trinity and its dependant doctrines. The few who profess to adhere to the trinity are rather *Sabbellians* than Trinitarians, but these constitute a very inconsiderable portion either of the ministers or the members. Although the doctrine of the trinity is almost unanimously rejected by this society, yet there is a diversity of opinion as to the duration of the punishment which is inflicted upon the wicked. All unite in the belief that the wicked are *punished* for their sins; but some contend that it is only in the *present* life, while others believe that it extends to a *future* state of existence, but is disciplinary and for a limited period, the former class is probably three to one of the latter.

This society generally maintain the Independent Congregational form of church government: their mode of worship differs very little if any from Congregationalists.—They observe the Lord's supper, but very generally reject *water baptism*. Several Ministers, however, (and this was the practice of Mr. Murray,) continue the practice of dedicating children, which they consider more scriptural and reasonable than infant baptism, and accords with the example of Jesus the great head of the church. Neither our time nor limits will permit us to pursue this subject further at present. *Ch. Inquirer.*

NO PAY NO PREACH.

Last week in an adjoining neighbourhood, a quaint looking disciple after the opening prayer, addressed a congregation, among whom were many Methodists, in the following manner:

*He should have said "one general convention and about ten which meet annually."

The scriptures say the labourer is worthy of his hire; I want mine; I have preached long enough on the trust I gave Providence at the beginning; I find she is neither baker, nor tailor, blacksmith nor tavern keeper. The presbyterians gave me an old coat, it is all I had of them.—The last time I preached, the people gave me three dollars; I got my horse shod, and paid my tavern bill, this took all; I have not a methodist copper in my pocket; others will not trust to Providence; I shall not any longer. Unless you come prepared to pay me handsomely for my work, I shall adjourn the meeting; trust will not buy me a supper, or a coat to my back; as for charity, she appears to be as starved as I am.—*Cincinnati Paper.*

AN IMPOSTER.

MR. EDITOR.—I take upon myself the responsibility of unveiling one of the foulest impostors and hypocrites under the cloak of religion, that ever disgraced this habitable globe. A man calling himself WILLIAM P. RYAN, pretending an itinerant Methodist Preacher from Mississippi, arrived within this vicinage a few months since, became acquainted with and married after comparatively a short courtship, one among the most beautiful young females, this country can boast. This vilest of the vile, had at the same moment a wife and two children residing in the above mentioned State, from which he fled a refugee from justice under the villanous opprobrium of criminal familiarity with another's wife. Thus has blooming innocence withered ere it had fairly cleared its bud, by the very accursed demon-like hand, that had promised to nurture and succour it; professing at the same time to hold in the palm of that hand, the righteous insignia which should shield from lust, and dealing damnation around upon all who disregarded its admonition. Who would have supposed that a follower of the holy Jesus could so mantle himself in "Wolf's clothing," as for it to bear the semblance of the lamb. Mr Editor, I would not indulge in vituperation even against the *Sparrow*—but here is an instance of depravity and hellish wickedness, that should place in the hands of all mankind a chastening rod to "lash the scoundrel naked through the world."

Editors of newspapers in the different parts of the Union, particularly the Western country, may subserve the cause of a respectable female, by giving an insertion to the above.

P. S. Since the above was in type, it has been ascertained that the real name of the person alluded to, is HIRAM RYAN.

Georgian Courier.

PROVIDENCE.

What inextricable confusion must the world have been in, but for the variety which

we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the handwritings of men! No security of person, of possessions, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now, every man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest, as well as an admirable indication of a divine superintendence?—*N. Y. Telescope*.

GALILEO.

This great Astronomer, at the age of 70, was compelled by the Inquisition to recant his opinion of the motion of the earth, which the theologians had declared to be "false and absurd in philosophy, and erroneous in faith, being expressly contrary to the Scriptures." Having abjured his belief as an error and heresy, with his knees on the ground and his hands on the Gospel, as soon as he rose up, he is reported to have struck the earth with his foot and muttered, "E pur si move." (It moves nevertheless.) *Ib.*

We learn that Br. Dolphus Skinner has received and accepted a call from the Universalist Society in Utica, N. Y. to become their pastor.—*U. Magazine*.

PROVIDENCE,

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

REVIEW OF DR. EMMONS' SERMON,
On the Character and Destiny of Judas Iscariot.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71.)

In our last, we promised to consider the Doctor's proposition, which supposed that the salvation of myriads of the human race, required the eternal perdition of Judas. This is what the Dr. urges in vindication of what he calls the decree of God, which he supposes doomed Judas to interminable suffering; and calls it a good, infinitely superior to the ruin of one person.

This form of language, (which was fully quoted in our last number,) would naturally lead a reader to the conclusion that the Dr. contended only for the endless misery of Judas, as it was his life and deeds which appeared to Dr. E. so necessary to accomplish the glory of God and the salvation of myriads of the human race: But this is only thrown in to give a momentary relief to the severe struggle by which the Doctor's mind seemed to be exercised upon the doubtful fate of his beloved decretal system. If his hearers and readers would only swallow the decree of Judas' endless damnation, they

would easily be forced to receive all the reprobation which he pleased to deal out to them afterwards, by consequence and inference. In order, therefore, to give an air of plausibility to his bare assertion of the existence of such a decree concerning the life and future destiny of Judas, he employs another empty declaration, telling us that the salvation of myriads depended upon his reprobation, which was the greatest good conceivable, resulting from these decrees. But unfortunately for the Dr. he has not been able to find any proof that the endless perdition of Judas was decreed by the Deity; and this readily accounts for the frequency of his affirmations, which appear to have been introduced to supply the total absence of evidence in the case. This might pass current with those who never venture to investigate a subject of this nature for themselves, but implicitly receive for truth whatever a learned Dr. may please to advance; but it will find a dull market among those who venture to doubt the infallibility of sacerdotal professions.

Let us now calmly approach the Doctor's position and fairly discuss its merits.

Does it follow as a necessary consequence, that because Judas was pointed out by the spirit of prophecy to act such a conspicuous part in bringing forward the tragic scene of the Saviour's crucifixion, by betraying him into the hands of his enemies, that his endless destruction was decreed by Jehovah? No man will hazard the assertion that it does: For it is repugnant to the plainest dictates of common sense. Nothing we think could be more incompatible with the suggestions of reason, than that an instrument, so all-important to the accomplishment of the great plan of salvation, should be abandoned by his Maker, the moment he had contributed exactly what was assigned him to perform in bringing this plan into successful operation: Nay more; that he should not only be abandoned by his Maker, to whose plan he had rendered such essential service, (as the Dr. himself contends,) but that he should be doomed to endless torture for these very services! The conclusion is monstrous in absurdity, and shocking to every power of reason and sympathy. It is without a parallel in all the annals of the most abominable tyranny and cruelty which have ever disgraced humanity, in its rudest and most barbarous state: And the Dr. must have been guilty of an immoderate presumption upon the credulity of his hearers and readers, to suppose that they would not have discernment enough to discover the paucity of his means to support the extravagant hypothesis which his barefaced assumption imposed.

If the part which Judas acted was so essential to the divine purpose, in the salvation of the world, would it not be far more consistent with the character of Him who has declared himself to be good to all and whose

tender mercies are over all his works, to bring Judas to a knowledge of the purposes of his wisdom; and wherein he had acted from a sinful design, to bring him to repentance, and to share in the blessings of the great design which he had been so instrumental in promoting and repining? This is the most rational conclusion; and it is justified by facts too stubborn to be denied with the least hopes of success: For his repentance is faithfully recorded by the Evangelist—Matt. xxvii. 3, 4. "Then Judas which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Here is a confession and repentance attested by the clearest evidence of sincerity—*He brought back the money* which he had unjustly obtained; and thus added a seal to the evidence of his heart-felt sorrow: And it would be an honour to all professors of christianity in modern times, if they would pattern after so laudable an example of honesty and sincerity. And we are constrained to remain in respectful doubt, whether the Dr. has ever afforded to the publick so convincing an evidence of the sincerity of his repentance, in any case whatever.

To test the correctness of the Doctor's position still farther, we should venture further back in our inquiries, even to a period before creation.

Was not the Deity as essentially glorious and happy before he created man as he ever could be at any subsequent period? No man will, or can deny the fact, without a manifest violation of reason, and an abandonment of revelation. Then, what kind of glory could he receive by conferring existence and intelligence? None that could add either to his perfection or happiness, but only make a display of his wisdom, power, justice and love, for the admiration of his creatures, and as the subject of their rejoicing and praise. Now it is readily admitted that all the saved would devoutly rejoice at the display of these perfections, and sincerely offer their praise to the Being in whom they all centered: But in case he had reprobated any to interminable wretchedness, could they rejoice or offer praise to the Being who had decreed their infinite misfortunes? Such a supposition would exceed every other, in point of absurdity. The reader can easily compare this reasoning with the declaration of the Creator by the prophet David—"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." Psalms l. 23. They can also determine without hesitation that it would be impossible for beings to offer praise for an existence which would be an infinite curse; and the glory or praise which must be withheld by those on whom these perfections had been displayed to their infinite disadvantage!

Again—The Deity was under no necessity of creating, as in doing this he could

add nothing to his essential glory, perfection or happiness: But by so doing he would, according to the scheme of reprobation, impose an infinite weight of evil and suffering, which might otherwise be avoided, and that without any real loss to himself or any other being: For the fact is as clear as demonstration itself, that nonentity cannot suffer. Therefore, no loss could have been sustained by those, who, according to the Doctor's scheme, were born for salvation, if they had never been brought into being. The conclusion then is irresistible, that no positive evil could have resulted in withholding from them the gift of existence, since in that case they could not have been the subjects of suffering in any possible way. But on supposition, that Judas was brought into being to become the victim of endless wretchedness, an infinite evil or suffering is sustained, which might otherwise have been avoided without loss or misery. Therefore, taking the Dr. upon his own favorite ground, the argument is directly subversive of his position.

But what shall we say of a being who, notwithstanding he exercises the power to create innumerable multitudes, cannot make a part happy, but at the infinite expense and misery of the other! Is he not deficient, either in wisdom to devise a more perfect system—Or in goodness to promote such a design—Or in power to execute a more benevolent plan? Or is he possessed of a principle so malignant that he cannot consent to the salvation of a part, but on the painful condition of infinite wretchedness to the remainder! In either case, he would cease to be the proper object of adoration and love, and emphatically become the tyrannical object of dread and execration. The God, therefore, which the Doctor's system holds out to our view, cannot be the God of Israel; for "He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

It is unquestionably a woful consideration, that although we enjoy all the blessings which this transitory world affords, we are one day to part with them and close our eyes in death, to leave friends and relatives behind, and be consigned to the cold and lifeless clods of the mouldering tomb. Nothing is able to stay the hand of death, nor prevent his fearful approximation. "Man truly is of few days, and full of trouble." In the graveyard all of our race without distinction sleep together. There emphatically, the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all. Rich and poor, great and humble, learned and unlearned, good and bad are here brought on an equality, and occupy a portion of their mother earth. In thus surveying the end of

man, who can forbear repeating "man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble?" Who can survey the busy being and the silent dead and not say, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Indeed, the fondness of friends erects memorials to perpetuate their name and this shows that there is a disposition in all men to be remembered after they have left the closing scene. But how few are there who bestow a glance on the weather-beaten tomb stone? The living, busy in their secular affairs, seldom think on the departed, and it is only when Death makes a sudden attack on some beloved friend or relative that we pay regard to the subject of the shortness of life. We then perhaps find, that our lives are not only short, but 'full of trouble.' We exclaim, in the strain of Young:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
Earth's highest honours end in *here he lies*,
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.

Our departure from this world is a mournful subject of thought. Our dearly beloved relations and friends, surrounding our death-bed, with eyes glistening with tears and manifesting an unwillingness to part with us, are scenes too melancholy to dwell long upon. We cannot, with truth, say that nature is not abhorrent of death. All things manifest it:

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their custom'd fires."

But, in the midst of these gloomy reflections, a gleam of heavenly light breaks forth in the mind. The gospel declares, that this "mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption." This hope is an anchor to the soul in the hour of dissolution. This supports us in our pilgrimage here below and is the life-blood of our souls. J. F. M.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

Is moral Evil Infinite or Finite?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

The drift of this circuitous argument appears to be designed to prove, that the dignity of the being offended, and not the knowledge and capacity of the being offending, constitutes the scale or standard of criminality.

This is the extrinsic cause which he conceives capable of transmuting or converting finite crimes into infinite evils, which are so very offensive to the Deity that it creates in him an infinite degree of displeasure. To be eternally under the influence of infinite anger or displeasure would certainly be a most unpleasant situation, and we humbly

conceive, that if God could, strictly speaking, be made angry, provoked, or grieved by the conduct of us wretched mortals, he would not enjoy a moments quiet, but must be more miserable than the most unhappy of his creatures. But if we may be indulged in the use of a little carnal reason, we will venture to analyze this infinite principle, by which he supposes finite crimes to be convertible into infinite evils, to wit, the dignity of the being offended. If this be true, it is evident that an action simply finite acquires its infinity and malignity from an adventitious, extrinsic cause, of which the agent must, in many cases, be entirely ignorant. This must be the case with all idiots; and it is evident that the degree of criminality must vary with every variation of the degrees of knowledge of the person who might commit the same crime. For example, suppose the best informed clergyman, and the most ignorant savage, both to be guilty of murder, or any other atrocious crime; would any judicious person pronounce them equally criminal? Common sense declares they would not. And the apology which Christ made for the Jews, who were crucifying him, confirms the judgment, when he prayed to his Father to forgive them, he offers the cogent reason *why* it would be equitable to forgive them, to wit, because they know not what they do. If the Jews had positively known that they were crucifying the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, would not Mr. Strebeck himself pronounce them more criminal on account of their certain knowledge of the extent and malignity of the crime which they were perpetrating? And if they were *infinitely* criminal without this knowledge, would they not have been much more criminal if they had known it? If so, agreeably to the premises, the conclusion must be, that every sinner is infinitely criminal; but that some are infinitely more criminal than others!

But here we will rest this part of the subject at present, until Mr. Strebeck can furnish us with a well graduated scale, by which we may calculate the different degrees of infinity with as much precision as we now do yards, feet, and inches, by the common scale, beginning with Calvin's infants who bring their damnation with them into the world, who are said in the Westminster Catechism to be born under the *wrath and curse* of God, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of *hell for ever*! and all this evil brought upon them, not by their own agency, but by the transgression of a person which the Deity had appointed to act for them, near six thousand years ago. If it could possibly be either just or merciful to punish an infant eternally for the crime of another person, yet surely this *imputed guilt* must be the lowest on the scale of infinity. And those who traduce and misrepresent the moral character of the Deity, should form the highest

grade on the scale, as certainly their crime is infinitely more infinite than any other!

But common sense has yet another argument (sanctioned by the opinion of Bishop Tillotson) to combat this cruel, injurious doctrine, to wit, that "the right which God hath in his creatures, is founded on the benefits he hath conferred on them, and the obligations they have to him on that account. Now there is none, who, because he has done a benefit, can have, by virtue of that, a right to do a greater evil than the good he has done amounts to; and we think it next to madness to doubt whether extreme and eternal misery be not a greater evil than simple being is a good."

All punishment which has not reformation for its end, is mere cruelty and malice, which can never be in God, nor can he in reality hate any thing which he has made, or be subject to such weakness or impotence as to act arbitrarily, or out of spite, wrath, revenge, or any self-interest; and, consequently, whatever chastisement he inflicts, must be a mark of his love, in not suffering his creatures to remain in that miserable state which is inseparable from sin and wickedness.

As God's infinite goodness appears in the sanctions as well as matter of his laws, so his infinite wisdom knows how to adjust the chastisement to the offence, that it may be exactly fitted to produce the desired amendment. Our greatest felicity consists in having such an impartial, disinterested judge, as well as legislator, that whether he punishes or rewards, he acts alike for our good; that being the end of all his laws, and consequently of the penalties as well as rewards, which make them laws: whereas our common systems of divinity represent him to be full of wrath and fury, ready to glut himself with revenge for the injuries he has suffered by the breach of his laws.

But we wish Mr. Strebeck to reconsider this subject candidly; for if every sin be an infinite evil, it is evident that all sins would be reduced to a state of equality; so that the boy who should steal a pigeon's egg, would be as criminal as Judas Iscariot, or a person who might commit the unpardonable sin: for to assert in any case, where two things are infinite, that one may be vastly more infinite than the other, would be as absurd as if one should affirm, that Madeira wine was the best liquor possible, but that Tokay wine was vastly better; that is, a great deal better than the best." See Dr. Young's work from page 62 to 74.

The foregoing remarks of Dr. Young's are all, we think, proper to select in shewing the erroneous vices of orthodox writers on infinite sin. We consider them as unanswerable, and hope they may subserve a valuable purpose in having them published in a religious Journal at the present time. For there are many who violently oppose the doctrine of universal, impartial and free

grace of God without exhibiting any arguments, not even the shadow, to disprove it. The false appearance and high coloured misrepresentations of the doctrine, which are often made and palmed upon the publick, demand our pity as well as our utter contempt of them. Those who practice these and such deceitful means to aggrandize their own party, rather than serve the cause of truth, ought to take heed to their own ways, and clear their own consciences before "the righteous God who trieth the hearts and reins." We consider it no small disparagement to the goodness as well as the moral government of God, to speak so contemptuously as many do, against the inexhaustible and impartial grace of the Creator of all souls. But notwithstanding all our antichristian, bigotted, and superstitious opposition which comes from those who wish to be styled the meek and lowly followers of Jesus Christ, soon see that "it is hard to kick against the pricks," for the "word has gone out," says God, "of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return.—That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear." Isa. xlv. 23. R. C****.

Middleboro,' Feb. 26, 1827.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

The Prosperity of the Gospel.

Many are the reproaches which prejudice and superstition level at those who are so hardy as to oppose the prevailing sentiments of the times, in the confident expectation of receiving a patient hearing to arguments founded in truth. But, too often, they are silenced by the tongue of prejudice, and calumniated by those who are less solicitous to discover truth, than to support erroneous opinions upheld by custom, and the artifice of orthodoxy. Loud are the complaints against the doctrine of Universalism, for the opposition it has to established opinions. Slander is busily employed in order to eradicate it from society. And false charges are heaped on it for its supposed tendency to corrupt the morals of the community. It is censured as not agreeable to the Bible, and often for its being akin to Deism. The upholders of the doctrine of Universalism encounter severe obstacles in their attempts to promulgate this doctrine to the world.

But notwithstanding all these accumulated evils, the doctrine is making rapid advancement. Societies are forming every where in our territory. Not many towns are there in our country which have not heard the doctrine preached among them. The principles of the doctrine are efficient in the conduct of a majority of the community, and lead us to think it the best promoter of genuine morality which is to be found. Instead of society's being worse for the doctrine, it appears to be improving. "The wilderness, and the solitary place are glad; and the desert rejoices and blossoms like the rose." Where nothing of the gospel

has been heard for years, are now heard "glad tidings of great joy to all people." "Peace on earth, good will towards men," reverberates in those walls which have heard nothing but condemnation and misery for ages. Bound in the cold and icy fetters of Calvinism, many are strangers to this doctrine, and, in accordance with usage, stigmatise it with the odium of being a licentious doctrine. But thousands are apostatising from this illiberality, and becoming proselytes to the doctrine of "God's impartial grace." Preachers, who, a few years ago were violently opposed to it, may now be heard proclaiming it to the world. It is the prerogative of this doctrine to animate the propagators of it with an indefatigable zeal which nothing but truth could inspire. This enables them to stem the torrent of opposition with energy. This leads them to overcome many obstacles in hopes of vanquishing error and establishing truth.

The rapid increase of this doctrine during the several past years, astonishes us. It has overspread the whole territory. Not a vestige remains in some places of the gloomy doctrine of Calvinism. And the places where it is to be found, appear like a few scattered stalks in the field after harvest. What a pleasing reflection must these considerations give the labourers and propagators of this doctrine! How must they rejoice to see the fruit of their labour! The "Lord certainly has been on their side," or they had never done this. He has indeed "prospered the work in their hands." "It is marvellous in our eyes." Can we avoid looking forward to the period "when all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest; when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and when his doctrine shall have dominion from the rivers to the ends of the earth?" That will be the blessed era "when tears shall be wiped from all faces; when sorrow and sighing shall flee away; when every creature on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea will be heard to say, blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." J. F. M.

A Reply to ORIGIN BACHELLER will be inserted in our next. It is omitted this week for want of room.

NOTICE.

We learn from the (Hartford) Religious Inquirer, that the connexion between Rev. John Bisbe, Jr. and the Universalist Society at Hartford, will be at an end in July next. We doubt not, from the well known talents of Br. Bisbe, that his labours will be earnestly solicited by our Brethren elsewhere; while we fondly hope that the Soci-

ety in H. will shortly be supplied with the labours of some Br. of like useful and shining talents.

It will be seen by the following Articles, quoted from the *Maine CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER*, that the connexion hitherto subsisting between Rev. RUSSEL STREETER, and the *First Universalist Society* in Portland, was dissolved on the 16th ultimo.

MR. EDITOR,—As there are many people in this region, who believe or imagine, that the Rev. Mr. STREETER asked a dismission from his pastoral duties, on account of having changed his sentiments, or a dissatisfaction on the part of his Society, with his ministerial labours, you are requested to publish the following copy of a letter, addressed to him, on the day of his dismission. It is presumed that the appearance of this article will be interesting and useful, to all those, at least, who have been misinformed, in relation to this subject. All real Christians, of every denomination, will be happy to know, and inculcate the truth, without alteration or perversion. *A Friend to All.*

"TO REV. RUSSEL STREETER.

Dear Sir,—Your note of this morning, addressed to the "Chairman of the Committee of the First Universalist Society in Portland," was received, and communicated to them, this day, at the Annual Parish Meeting; in answer to which, I am directed to say, that it is with extreme regret, and with the most acute feelings, that they reluctantly comply with your "request" for an "immediate" dissolution of the connexion, which has so long and so happily subsisted, during your pastoral care over them;—that they feel the most lively interest for your health and happiness, with that of your amiable family; and that nothing but a firm and unwavering conviction, that you were fully and decidedly of the opinion that it was your duty to dissolve your connexion with the Society, would have induced them to comply with your request, so long as they could, consistently with your rights and wishes, have avoided it.

Wherever you may hereafter sojourn; they have the happiness to believe, that no Pastor ever left a Society, with more sincere friends behind him, than you will leave in Portland. Finally, may the God and Father of us all, guide and protect you, with your dear family, through a long life of happiness to yourselves, and usefulness to the community, which is the fervent prayer of us all; particularly of

Your sincere friend, and

Obedient and humble servant,

J. C. CHURCHILL,

Chairman of the Committee of the First Universalist Society in Portland.

Portland, April 16, 1827.

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR;

Or, A Confession of Christianity, by a Consumptive."

No more the idle song I weave
To strains of godless mirth;
Earth and its fleeting joys I leave—
Its vain pursuits, that still deceive,
And have in sin their birth.

What boots the smooth and senseless lay,
That wakes at beauty's nod?
To waste upon the painted clay
That praise, which through life's little day,
Alone belongs to God!

Of what avail to strike the lyre,
To swell the victor's fame?
To higher fan ambition's fire,
And bid the busy crowd admire
At war's destructive flame.

Why wait at wealth and folly's door,
And lowly bend the knee,
To him who never fed the poor,
Or lent to misery from his store,
A dole in charity?

Ah! richer themes my muse demands;
To wake the sacred lay,
Lock on those pierced, those bleeding hands,
That wounded side!—To ruffian bands
The Saviour falls a prey!

Oh, God!—No more to worldly themes
Shall sink the muse supine;
The light of Truth around her beams—
She bursts the bonds of fancy's dreams;
Blest Saviour, she is thine!

BOSTON BARD.

All men have their frailties; whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks; we are not always equally content with ourselves—how should we be so with our friends? We love ourselves nevertheless with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Married,

In this town, on Thursday evening, 26th ult. by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Jesse B. Sweet, to Miss Mary-Ann Joslin, daughter of Mr. Willard Joslin.

On Monday morning, 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Ward A. Work, to Miss Mary-Ann Hodges, all of Providence.

Died,

In this town, on Saturday morning last, after a short illness, Mr. John R. Carpenter, of an affection of the heart, in the 47th year of his age.

On Monday last, Sarah Randall, infant daughter of Mr. Dexter Angell, aged 16 months.

On Tuesday night last, Mr. John Holden, an officer of the Revolutionary army.

On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Harriet Adams, wife of Mr. Seth Adams, Jr. and daughter of Capt. Arthur Fenner, aged 22.

In Matpeoisett (Rochester, Ma.) on the 16th ult. Mrs. Dimmy Waterman, wife of Mr. Eleazer Waterman, aged 40 years.

"Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms."

Died at his residence, in England, Mr. Samuel Stepney, in the 100th year of his age. Until within a few days of his death he could see to read the smallest print without the aid of glasses, and at 96 was in full possession of all his faculties. He left a widow aged 96, who had been his wife for three score years and ten. He had been a great grandfather 15 years, and his great grand children had a great grandfather, and great grandmother, two grandfathers and two grandmothers, and a father and mother, all living at the same time. *N. Y. Telescope.*

NOTICE.

The Annual meeting of the First Universalist Society, for the choice of officers, will be holden on Monday Evening, 7th inst. at 7 o'clock, at the Chapel Vestry.

JACOB B. THURBER, Clerk.

May 5, 1827.

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LIFE OF MURRAY,

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